

blessed are the peacemakers

by conjurewithrisk

Category: Leverage

Genre: Crime

Language: English

Characters: Nathan F.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 00:04:15

Updated: 2016-04-10 00:04:15

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:57:29

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 410

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Is it ever worth it?" another one of their latest clients asked.

blessed are the peacemakers

****AN:** I should be working on analyzing cemetery remains instead.
Whoops. ******

****Disclaimer**:** Because I'm not Dean Devlin, I can't say 'let's go steal a trademark'.

****Title**:** blessed are the peacemakers

****Word** **Count**:** 350

****Summary**:** "is it ever worth it?" another one of their latest clients asked.

* * *

><p>"Is it?" she asked. She had her hands wrapped around the ceramic mug that was full of tea that had barely been touched.<p>

Nate looked up from his crossword puzzle. He rubbed his eyes, thinking of Eliot's earlier sarcastic remark about soon needing reading glasses. "Is what worth it?" he said tiredly.

"The things you do. You help people, but there's always more." She guiltily looked over her hand that once had her wedding ring. "You can't win every fight."

...Sam's pale face with his brown hair stiffly brushed. His small hands folded over his chest...

Nate closed his eyes. "I'm aware."

Their client nervously clicked her tongue. "Then why do it at all? The world is broken, Mr. Ford-"

"And what do you do with something is broken?" He opened one eye. He reached for his empty glass and filled it again with scotch.

"You throw it away?"

"No," said Nate. He tipped his glass back, welcoming the burn in his throat that went straight down to his stomach. "The world isn't broken, it's the system that makes us feel that way-powerless, alone, afraid. And that is what you do with a broken system. You fix it."

She opened her mouth to say something, but he spoke over her, his voice stronger.

"Ma'am, you've come to me with a specific problem that you can't handle." His gaze darted from her hand to her face. "The question is, do you still want my help?"

Her answer was a quiet yes. She pushed her mug away from her. The tea had gone cold.

"We do the right thing," Nate ran his fingers over the design on the scotch bottle, "because we are given choices. You can either sit by the side and think that this is the way that the world works. Or," he poured himself another glass, "You help people. You can change the world that way."

Their client silently raised a hand to the saint's medal that she wore around her throat.

Nate raised his glass. "The answer, in case if you are still wondering, is always yes."

End
file.